THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 20, 1958 . . 25c

The Quemoy Story

HOW DULLES TRICKED CONGRESS

by

SENATOR WAYNE MORSE

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LETTERS

Cling to a Corpse?

[*The writer of the following letter is the author of* The France of Tomorrow; France: A Short History, *and other books.*]

Dear Sirs: I have the greatest respect for Alexander Werth's information and for his judgment, and I am in deep sympathy with the steady liberalism of his thought. But, as a lifelong student of French affairs, I do not believe that we should cling to the corpse of the Fourth Republic.

The Third Force, in ten years of impotent power, had proved but a loose bundle of weaknesses. It had led a hard-thinking, hard-working nation into bewilderment and chaos. This is the considered judgment of a qualified observer, D. W. Brogan, it is confirmed by the remarkable study of the French political system by Maurice Duverger; it is implied in Werth's own book, *France: 1940-1955*. As a way out of the morass, Werth and I would probably have preferred the traditional French solution: a cabinet of National Union, including the largest and most dynamic party. But such a method was barred in advance by our veto. France belongs to the Free World; she has to do as she is told, or else. . . .

I like to quote the wise words of Lord Tweedmuir (John Buchan): "It seemed to me that democracy had been in the past too narrowly defined and had been identified illogically with some particular economic or political system such as *laissez faire* or British parliamentarism" *(Pilgrim's Way,* p. 222). Bourgeois Parliamentarism in France had three chances: under the Directoire, the July Monarchy, the Third Republic. These three regimes dissolved in contempt. The Fourth Republic had the same fate, because it had reverted to the patterns of the Third.

On the other hand, the proposed de Gaulle constitution is far less radical than our own. The President is not to be elected by the people as a whole. The cabinet remains responsible to Parliament. I for one should have preferred our own pattern, faulty as I know it to be.

The de Gaulle regime is still finely poised. It has assumed power by constitutional means. If the democratic elements should harden in their opposition, the Fifth Republic will inevitably be pushed to the Right. We might see a Massu dictatorship, or at any rate a Massu - Soustelle - Lacoste triumvirate. Then the only way out will be civil war, of the Spanish type. Whether the ultimate result be a Franco or a Kadar, the France we love and respect will be enslaved. I am no fatalist: this need not be, if we take thought in time.

ALBERT GUERARD

Stanford, California

Echo of Sacco?

Dear Sirs: You are to be commended for publishing "Sacco's Struggle for Sanity" and even more highly commended for the editorial, "The Case That Won't Die" [*The Nation*, Aug. 16]. However, Sacco and Vanzetti are both dead and one wonders whether the brand of justice that the United States should stand for isn't dead, too. I feel this way because at this moment we still have incarcerated, in our federal penitentiary, a man who, but for his high intelligence, would be suffering as Sacco did — Morton Sobell, who I believe is just as innocent as Sacco.

ROBERT KARGER

El Cajon, Calif.

The Real Victims

Dear Sirs: The American people today lack sufficient motivation to tackle desegregation with the vigor it requires. There is ample scientific evidence to show that the emotional health of our people is impaired by racism: that children brought up in a prejudiced environment are harmed emotionally by it. The Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry, consisting of some two hundred leading American psychiatrists, writes in its Report No. 37, "Psychiatric Aspects of School Desegregation":

> For the segregating group, in this case the whites, the reactions, though less obvious, are nonetheless serious. A feeling of superior personal worth may be gained merely from the existence of a down-graded group. This leads to an unrealistic and unadaptive kind of self-appraisal based on invidious comparison rather than on solid personal growth and achievement. Further, socially sanctioned segregation is based on unproven concepts of superiority and permits, and even encourages, the expression of hostile or aggressive feelings against whole groups of people. It fosters a distortion of reality and provides a target in the lower status group for the projection of painful feelings from one's self or from significant people in the immediate environment onto the members of the segregated group. Anxiety springing from unrelated personal problems may thus be combatted by inappropriate displacement of the conflictful feelings to the area of race relations. Such displacement impedes more direct and mature facing and dealing with the actual anxiety-arousing conflicts.

Only when we whites are convinced that our self-interest and the emotional health of our children require desegregation, will we be ready to work vigorously for it. And then, perhaps, our "leaders" will follow suit.

ISIDORE ZIFERSTEIN, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

A Way Out

Without delay the Administration must find a way out of the dangerously exposed military and diplomatic position to which Mr. Dulles has committed us on the China issue.

Inherently difficult, the task is further complicated by the fact that the Administration has become the captive of its own rhetoric. To date both the President and Mr. Dulles have adhered uncompromisingly, in nearly three years of ambassadorial talks with the Chinese Communists, to what has been a barren American position. From them we continue to demand concessions without offering anything in return which "would prejudice the rights of our ally," the Republic of China — which is to say, without offering much of anything.

But this time, if one reads the clear meaning of the statements by Chou En-lai, Mao Tse-tung and Khrushchev, no possibility whatever exists that the Chinese will trade something for nothing. Their bargaining position is much too strong. Nor can we anticipate that the Afro-Asian group, or anyone other than the delegate from Taipei, will rise to champion the Dulles position at the session of the U.N. General Assembly which opened on September 16.

Yet a way out must be found. Fortunately, it is not hard to find, although the traveling will, admittedly, be rough and difficult. There must be, first of all, a withdrawal of Chiang's forces from the offshore islands. The time to arrange this is now, and the means are ready to hand: the direct Sino-U.S. negotiations scheduled for Warsaw. Such a withdrawal would strengthen, not weaken, the United States position in the Far East. With the possible exception of Taipei and Seoul, the withdrawl would win applause in every Asian capital. It would rally key Western countries to the support of a modified American position on Formosa and the Pescadores. It would dispel the illusion, both in Formosa and in this country, that the Nationalists may one day invade the mainland. It would also result in the removal of the American Navy from controversial waters, where the danger of an "incident" is ever-present.

The objection will be raised that Chiang Kai-shek would never agree. Will he threaten, perhaps, to throw himself into the arms of the Communists if we do not continue to do his bidding? If there was ever a "paper tiger," it is the aged and impotent Generalissimo. The evacuation of the Tachen Islands in January, 1955, accomplished without interference from the Communist side, demonstrates the feasibility of evacuating the other offshore islands, particularly if we will enlist the aid of friendly governments. Once accomplished, such a withdrawal would bring about a detente in the Formosa Strait and thereby set the stage for more significant negotiations.

For we could not simply rest with the evacuation of the offshore islands. The real problem — the legal status of Formosa — will have to be settled soon if it is to be settled with any advantage to us. Time is not working for the status quo. The way out is to hark back to the declaration embodied in President Truman's executive order of June 27, 1950, when the Seventh Fleet was "interposed" between Formosa and the mainland: "The determination of the future status of Formosa must await the restoration of security in the Pacific, a peace settlement with Japan, or consideration by the U.N." To be sure, the Chinese Communists had not then intervened in Korea; nevertheless, the declaration still constitutes the point of departure for any approach to a settlement of the problem. The provisions of the Japanese Treaty of 1951 support this conclusion. The treaty — of which John Foster Dulles was the architect — severed Formosa from the Japanese Empire but passed title to no one. Technically, it is within the jurisdiction of the forty-eight original signatories of the treaty to meet again and dispose of the matter. The difficulty is, of course, that where they couldn't agree in 1951 it might be even more difficult for them to agree in 1958. And it should be kept in mind that the Soviet Union, India and China were not among the signatories. Even so the signatories could, if agreement were possible, submit a set of recommendations on Formosa to the U.N., or join in presenting the issue to the U.N. for settlement; in any case, they should be consulted. Or, failing this, we ourselves could take the issue directly to the U.N. This Mr. Dulles is re-

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luctant to do for the obvious reason that the Afro-Asian bloc of twenty-eight delegations, and the Communist bloc, possibly joined by some additional delegations, might vote to transfer title to Peking immediately and, in any case, would insist on the admission of China to the world body.

But the longer the Administration delays in this matter, the smaller are its chances of obtaining a compromise agreement. So the Administration should face up to the fact that sooner or later China must be recognized by Washington and admitted to the U.N. The bulk of the mainland Chinese in Formosa would probably elect to return to the mainland once the illusion of a military "return" were finally dispelled. They should be repatriated. As to Chiang and his lieutenants, almost any asylum will do, preferably one remote from the Pacific — the Dominican Republic, say.

Neither dishonor nor defeat can attach to a return to original American policy declarations on Formosa. As to the Chinese Nationalists, their defeat is a matter of historic fact; no purpose can be served by keeping up the pretense that Chiang Kai-shek can still reverse the consequences of the Chinese civil war. The longer we procrastinate — the longer we attempt to base a policy on Mr. Dulles' legal fictions — the greater will be the danger not merely that the Formosa question will be settled on Peking's terms, but that we might find ourselves at war with China over the offshore islands, which neither the American people nor our allies regard as a vital national issue.

"Hiya, Bill!"

The Maine returns are being construed—as indeed they must—as striking evidence that a strong tide is running in favor of the Democrats. Equally significant are a number of less widely noted items. In New York, Carmine DeSapio considered the Democratic tide strong enough to disregard the Liberal Party in pushing through the Senatorial nomination of District Attorney Frank S. Hogan over the opposition of Governor Harriman and Mayor Wagner. From California come two further items. The first is *Time's* cover story on California's Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, predicting a "hard fight—close finish" in November. In *Time's* view, Mr. Brown is guilty of the unpardonable weakness, for a politician, of wanting to be liked by the voters, whereas his opponent—"big, dead-serious" William Fife Knowland—is an "entirely different sort of man": he doesn't much care whether he is liked or not and would just as soon be wrong as right so long as he can be consistent. This quality would make Senator Knowland an ideal political opponent in any state, but particularly so in California where, as even *Time* concedes, he is a most "incongruous" figure against "the stock California political backdrop" of marimba bands, Japanese flower girls and flame throwers in vaquero costumes.

The other California item—and the most piquant—is a comment by Governor Goodwin J. Knight, the Republican Senatorial nominee, which the enterprising editors of *Frontier* have placed on the public record:

> "You know what?" the Governor said, "at least 65 per cent of the Republicans in this State are living in the nineteenth century!"

Describing a meeting with "two hundred of the richest men" of the state at which he had been urged to go along with Senator Knowland's sponsorship of a right-to-work initiative, the Governor commented:

> They said that labor was spending — now get this — $600 million to block it. I asked them, "Where do you get such ridiculous figures?" and they said they read them. "What on earth do you read?" I asked them, and they answered, "Oh, *Life* magazine and the *Saturday Evening Post*." I told them, "You read those magazines and you get the same political line that's blinding you already." Do you know what they said? They said that if Pat Brown is elected Governor, Walter Reuther will be running the state. I asked them where they've been for the last hundred years. Sitting there, listening to those guys, I expected to look up any minute and see old President McKinley or Cal Coolidge come walking in the door. I was ready to look up and say, "Hiya, Bill, these guys are talking for you!"

Peace-Fare and Goat-Feathers

A recent article in *Fortune* and its sequel suggest that a new therapy has been devised for ailing corporate empires. The title of the article, "Olin Mathieson's Goat-Feathers"—by Richard Austin Smith—derives from an essay by Ellis Parker Butler on the disastrous effects of trying to do too many things at once. *Fortune* may be an organ of big business, but it is no respecter of badly-run businesses, and Mr. Smith's piece is as ruthless and convincing as *Fortune's* exposés of the goings-on at Avco Corporation and Studebaker-Packard in past years. The caption asks a pertinent question and proceeds to answer it: "What went wrong inside the nation's fifth-ranking chemical company? Plenty. Short on profits, long on debt, its main trouble stems from trying to do too many things it should never have done." The company is an example of diversification run amok. In addition to chemicals ranging from pharmaceuticals to rocket fuels and nuclear products, it was manufacturing lumber products, "chronically short-circuiting" flashlight batteries, roller skates and, at a two-thirds-owned $250 million plant, aluminum ingots. The completion of the plant synchronized neatly with the general economic recession, a depression in metals and overproduction in aluminum.

If that were all we should be glad, as believers in free enterprise and private business, to leave the matter in the hands of Olin Mathieson's officers. But the July-September issue of the *General Electric Defense Quarterly* contains an article by one of these officers, William

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C. Foster, co-chairman of the Gaither Committee and senior vice president of Olin Mathieson in charge of public affairs. Mr. Foster makes the following proposal:

> We are presently matching the economic resources which the Soviet is devoting to the military. While we are using about 10 per cent of GNP [Gross National Product], Russia is using 25 per cent. If we devoted another 10 per cent of our total resources—still leaving 80 per cent for consumer goods, services and all our present high standards of living—the Russians, to match us, would have to take away from their people one-third of the already sparse good things of life they have. This is because their GNP is only about 40 per cent of ours. . . .

This recipe for "peace-fare" leaves the Russian rulers with only three choices: (1)surrender to superior American industrial power; (2) succumb to counter-revolution; (3) launch an atomic war before the United States can double its military output. To this military output, even on its present scanty scale, Olin Mathieson makes some contribution. If the output were doubled, Olin Mathieson might well hope to get some of the increased business and prosper once more. The suggestion of a possible linkage may be unjust to Olin Mathieson's vice president of public affairs, but in the realm of military spending who shall say where private affairs end and public affairs begin, or vice versa? If there is a line, Mr. Foster has helped to obliterate it.

That Wayward Committee

The House Committee on Un-American Activities recently held hearings in Newark, N.J. The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee scheduled a public meeting to protest the hearings. As Harvey O'Connor, national chairman of E.C.L.C., was entering the meeting hall, he was served with a subpoena. Mr. O'Connor declined to appear before the committee, which now threatens to have him cited for contempt.

Mr. O'Connor is no novice in the Congressional investigation field, nor will this be his first contempt citation. He refused to tell the Permanent Senate Subcommittee on Investigations whether he had been a "member of the Communist conspiracy" when he wrote books that later were distributed in United States information centers abroad. The Federal Court of Appeals ruled that he had been within his rights.

In the earlier case, Mr. O'Connor responded to the subpoena. In the present instance, he explains in a letter to the House Committee why he now refuses to appear, although he avows "a profound respect for our Constitutional system, our institutions, and the lawful processes of government." He cites the Supreme Court in the *Watkins* case: "There is no general authority to expose the private affairs of individuals without justification in terms of the functions of Congress. . . . Nor is the Congress a law enforcement or trial agency. . . . No inquiry is an end in itself; it must be related to and in furtherance of a legitimate task of the Congress." And: "Clearly, an investigation is subject to the command that the Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech or press or assembly." And: "Who can define the meaning of 'un-American'?"

If all this were to be taken literally, the House Committee on Un-American Activities and similar bodies would be dissolved by Congress, or confined to matters which are not repugnant to the Constitution. The E.C.L.C. could then in turn dissolve and Mr. O'Connor would be relieved of one of his burdens. But the committee continues in business; it simply pays no attention to the Supreme Court. Consequently, any new tests of its jurisdiction must be based, as in this case, on the committee's right to summon a citizen before it. *The Nation* wishes Mr. O'Connor success in his second round of litigation.

The Great Fetish

The best-loved icon of the American culture, transcending even the female bosom, the high-finned convertible and the heroes and heroines of the quiz show is not a thing, but a spiritual quality — salesmanship. Whenever the economy on which the culture subsists shows a touch of the blind staggers, the infallible cure is more salesmanship. A recent example is the "You Auto Buy Now" campaign, on which an authoritative report has been issued by the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Of 214 Chambers of Commerce which provided information (completely unbiased, of course) 93 per cent declared the campaign was successful and not only stimulated the sale of autos, but invigorated the economy as a whole and had a salutary effect on public morale. The report concludes: "The event proved conclusively that old-fashioned selling, backed by strong advertising and other promotion, was the dire need of the slipping economy."

Strangely, the National Industrial Conference Board, which is an even more authoritative spokesman for big business than the Bureau of Advertising, takes a different and somewhat heretical view. On September 5, the board issued a press release which declared bluntly that the "recession and the attendant drop in employment and incomes have been the major causes of the sharp reduction in automobile sales thus far in 1958." There was a big reservoir of potential trade-ins and 1958 should have been a very good year for auto sales, but people just didn't have the money. The conference board cites state-by-state figures showing a correlation between the decline in car registrations and the decline in jobs. Not a word about the decline in salesmanship.

Clearly what the National Industrial Conference Board needs is a lesson in salesmanship from the Bureau of Advertising.

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HOW DULLES TRICKED CONGRESS . . *by Wayne Morse*

THE WORLD WATCHES the march of events in the Straits of Formosa, awaiting the decision for war or peace that lies in the hands of three men: Mao Tse-tung in Peiping, Chiang Kai-shek in Taipei and John Foster Dulles in Washington.

These events demonstrate that our Constitution, which places the power to declare war in Congress, has been superseded in some respects by events and in others by design. It was events beyond the control of Congress that put Mao Tse-tung in power on the Chinese mainland and paired him off against Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa, but it is design abetted by apathy that has turned over to the Secretary of State the determination of what the United States shall do for its defense and when it shall do it.

This power, which Constitutionally resides in Congress, has passed into Mr. Dulles' hands not so much because of the press of history as because of two factors totally within the control of the American people: (1) the absence of a President willing and able to exercise his duties, and (2) the deception and intellectual dishonesty of Dulles toward Congress and the American people.

It is with the latter subject that I wish to deal, because the facts of our Far East policy since 1953 have been far removed from the understanding of the American people.

IN THE EARLY months of 1955, the Senate considered and approved the two basic documents that govern our course of action toward the two Chinas. The first was the Formosa Resolution, approved January 28, 1955; the second was the Mutual Defense Treaty with the Republic of China, ratified by the Senate on February 9, 1955.

It is well known that Senator Lehman of New York and I were the leading opponents of the Formosa Resolution in the Senate; we were joined by Senator Langer of North Dakota in voting against it. In the resolution, the United States Government—Congress and President—made a finding that "the possession by friendly governments of the Western Pacific island chain, of which Formosa is a part, is essential to the vital interests of the United States and all friendly nations in and bordering upon the Pacific Ocean." It goes on to resolve:

> That the President of the United States be and he hereby is authorized to employ the Armed Forces of the United States as he deems necessary for the specific purpose of securing and protecting Formosa and the Pescadores against armed attack, this authority to include the securing and protection of such related positions and territories of that area now in friendly hands and the taking of such other measures as he judges to be required or appropriate in assuring the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores.

As a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, I could not agree to delegate to the President the authority to make a finding that would bring the United States into war. I also remember clearly that no presentation was ever made to the committee to show how the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu, then as now under Communist attack, were essential or even important to the defense of Formosa.

It was the burden of testimony from military experts, including General Ridgway of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, that the offshore islands were difficult to defend and not worth the cost. So the matter was left open by both Congress and the President for future decision.

There had already been submitted to the Senate for ratification a mutual defense treaty with the Republic of China—the so-called "Formosa Treaty." It was ratified February 9, 1955, several days after adoption of the Formosa Resolution. Article V states:

> Each party recognizes that an armed attack in the West Pacific Area directed against the territories of either of the Parties would be dangerous to its own peace and safety and declares that it would act to meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional processes. Any such armed attack and all measures taken as a result thereof shall be immediately reported to the Security Council of the United Nations. Such measures shall be terminated when the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to restore and maintain international peace and security.

Article VI reads:

> For the purposes of Articles II and V, the terms "territorial and territories" shall mean in respect of the Republic of China, Taiwan and the Pescadores, used in respect to the United States of America, the island territories in the West Pacific under its jurisdiction. The provisions of Articles II and V will be applicable to such other territories as may be determined by mutual agreement.

The last sentence of Article VI gave me great concern because, as worded, it would commit us to the defense of areas such as Quemoy and Matsu and to a preventative war on the mainland of China on the say-so of the President alone. It was also quite possible for the decision to be made by others in the Executive Branch, civilian or military.

LET THERE be no misunderstanding about my position as to our legal rights and obligations with respect to Formosa and the Pescadores. I think we must defend these areas not only in the interests of our own national security, but also in the best interests of our allies. Our allies need to have us defend Formosa and the Pescadores because these islands are in freedom's line of defense in the Pacific, running from the Aleutians through Japan to Australia and New Zealand. Every friendly nation in the world has an interest in that defense line, and we need the reinforcement and support of that line by other friendly nations.

But by no stretch of the imagina-

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tion can this line of defense be extended to the islands of Quemoy and Matsu, which have never been shown to be vital to the defense of Formosa, and hence to the free world. The other free nations have told us that they will not come to our support if we get embroiled over them.

The objections I expressed in committee against the broad language of the Formosa treaty resulted in the inclusion of a reservation, not in the text itself, but in the Senate committee report which accompanied it. The reservation was included upon my insistence and was framed in terms of an "understanding of the Senate." It reads:

> It is the understanding of the Senate that the "mutual agreement" referred to in Article VI, under which the provisions of Articles II and V may be made applicable to other territories, shall be construed as requiring the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States.

In discussing this provision in the Senate on February 9, 1955, the late Senator Walter George, then Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said:

> . . . This means that, although Article VI is applicable now only to Formosa and the Pescadores, it would be possible to make it applicable to other territories, such as Quemoy and Matsu, by mutual agreement. Secretary of State Dulles stated, when he appeared before the committee, as follows: "It is our view that an agreement to extend the coverage of the China defense treaty to additional territories would in practical terms amount to an amendment of the treaty, and should be submitted to the Senate for its advice and consent."

Later, Senator George, when questioned concerning the legal effect of such language appearing in the Senate report, observed:

> So far as the return to the Senate for its advice and consent of any agreement to include any area other than Formosa and the Pescadores is concerned, that would, of course, be an extension of the very terms of the treaty, and without this express statement it would necessarily come back to the Senate. In any event, this is the exact statement made by the Secretary of State, and everything else in the committee report has the express concurrence, at least, of the Government of the United States. Therefore, these statements are tantamount to reservations, so far as this treaty, this particular contract between the two governments, is concerned.

Senator H. Alexander Smith of New Jersey, one of the top-ranking minority members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, further observed:

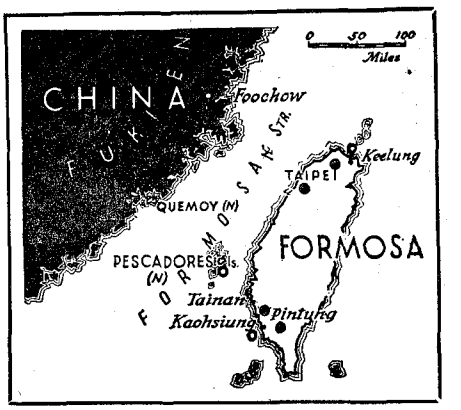
> . . . The Secretary of State has stated very definitely that with respect to Article VI an amendment to the treaty would be required, which would necessitate action by the Senate.

Despite the reservation set forth in the Senate committee report on the Formosa treaty and the clear and explicit statements in the Senate debate, the Senate has not, since the day the treaty was ratified, been called upon to advise and consent to any expansion of the territory under the control of the Republic of China we consider to affect American defense interests, or to whatever military operations we may be undertaking in the Quemoy or Matsu areas. Secretary of State Dulles was kidding the United States Senate and the American people when he gave assurance in 1955 that the advice and consent of the Senate would be sought in connection with any such military operations.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED since 1955 makes it clear that we should have obtained a more formal mandate directed to the President and to Secretary of State Dulles on this specific issue. Nevertheless, the construction placed upon Article VI by the Senate is binding upon the Secretary of State, who stated his concurrence with that construction.

He has now chosen to ignore the advice and consent of the Senate, which are required to extend our treaty obligation beyond Formosa and the Pescadores, and has chosen instead to act under the Formosa Resolution.

Whether, in a technical legal sense, the treaty did or did not supplant the resolution or the President's authority under it is a point that need not be explored here. In the report of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the co-existence of the two was recognized. Yet the treaty *did* limit the defense interest of the United States after enactment of the resolution; it *did* very carefully and purposefully limit the description of the American defense interest to Formosa and the Pescadores; and it *did* require mutual consent for any extension of that description. Further, it was as clear as English can make it that this "mutual consent" was to involve the advice and consent of the Senate.



In order to skip over this mandate of the Senate report in which he had concurred, Mr. Dulles has used the Formosa Resolution as his basis for action. Under it, he has made a finding for the American government that Quemoy is essential to our defense, a finding neither he nor the President is authorized to make under the treaty.

He may be able to get by with this legalistic device as a matter of law, but it is intellectually dishonest. The people of our nation were entitled to rely upon his assurance that military action beyond defending Formosa or the Pescadores would be the subject of Senate advice and consent. What Dulles did may be legal, but it was not right.

NOR HAS THE Administration honored the pledge contained in an exchange of letters of December 10, 1954, to the extent of advising and consulting with Congress about the movement of Nationalist forces from Formosa to Quemoy.

When the proposed Formosa treaty was referred to the Senate for

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consideration, it was accompanied by an exchange of letters between Dulles and George K. C. Yeh, Chiang Kai-shek's Minister for Foreign Affairs, dated December 10, 1954. They carried confirmation of the understanding between the two Governments as follows:

> The Republic of China [as the Chiang Kai-shek regime is called—Ed.] effectively controls both the territory described in Article VI of the Treaty of Mutual Defense between the Republic of China and the United States of America signed on December 2, 1954, at Washington, and other territory. It possesses with respect to all territory now and hereafter under its control the inherent right of self-defense. In view of the obligations of the two Parties under the said Treaty, and of the fact that the use of force from either of these areas by either of the Parties affects the other, it is agreed that such use of force will be a matter of joint agreement, subject to action of an emergency character which is clearly an exercise of the inherent right of self-defense. Military elements which are a product of joint effort and contribution by the two Parties will not be removed from the territories described in Article VI to a degree which would substantially diminish the defensibility of such territories without mutual agreement.

It was not until the heavy bombardment of Quemoy of recent weeks that we were confronted with reports of the accomplished fact that some 90,000 to 100,000 of Chiang's best forces had been moved away from Formosa. Neither the Senate Foreign Relations Committee nor the Senate Armed Services Committee has ever been officially apprised of the move, either before or afterward.

Since no transfer of any size from Formosa to Quemoy could have occurred without the knowledge of the American military mission on Formosa, it can be claimed that, since no one objected, Chiang had tacit American approval of his actions.

It might be claimed that Congress gave its tacit approval to this changed condition by continuing to provide Formosa with money for military assistance. Whatever may have been the rationale, it cannot be said that Congress ever had the opportunity to judge and debate the merits of such a change in military policy since January, 1955.

Thus, Mr. Dulles has adjusted the facts of the situation in the Formosa Strait so that a particular policy would flow from them. So long as Quemoy and Matsu were not essential to the defense of Formosa, American action in defending them was hard to justify. So they have become essential to the defense of Formosa —or so it is claimed—by moving the best Nationalist troops there. This could not have been done without the blessing of an American "agreement"; but it was certainly done without the formal approval of the United States Congress. Yet it was this "handle" on which Dulles hung his September 4 statement that Quemoy and Matsu "have increasingly become related to the defense of Formosa."

By the device of putting the best Nationalist troops on Quemoy, the United States may be euchred into extending its defense line to include it. The recent Newport Declaration would indicate that the finding has been made and Quemoy and Matsu are now within our defense perimeter. But the decision came by means of sleight-of-hand, not on its merits. It was a clear case of foreign policy by concealment.

Of course, the re-assignment of troops does not make Quemoy more vital to Formosa, strategically. In my judgment, these islands are no more vital to Formosa than before. They surely are not worth the loss of a single American life. If the Nationalist troops that have been sent there are so important to Formosa, they should be evacuated and put back on Formosa. Certainly this concealed action must not be used as an excuse to enlarge our defense interests.

ACTUALLY, THE STATUS of the alleged "finding" that the offshore islands are vital to the defense of Formosa and that American interests are thus jeopardized is still in abeyance. The device whereby Mr. Dulles has tried to say to the Communists that we will defend Quemoy, while telling the American people we haven't yet decided, is among the prime examples of his love for diplomatic deception. In fact, few incidents in American history match in doubletalk the move he made on September 4.

On that date, he journeyed to the President's Newport vacation headquarters to obtain Presidential O.K. of a re-statement of American policy toward Quemoy. The declaration Dulles issued after his meeting with the President re-stated the Formosa Resolution, and continued:

> . . . The President has not yet made any finding under that Resolution that the employment of the armed forces of the United States is required or appropriate in insuring the defense of Formosa.

No sooner had the declaration been released than a high-level briefing was held to interpret for the press —and for the American people and the world—the meaning of the declaration. Unidentified except as a "high ranking official," the spokesman was reported by *The New York Times,* in its issue of September 5, to have said:

> The United States has determined to repel any Communist Chinese attempt to invade the Nationalist-held islands of Quemoy and Matsu.
>
> This was made known here today by a high Administration official after Secretary of State Dulles had conferred at length with President Eisenhower on the military situation in the Taiwan Strait.

Press Secretary Hagerty refused to release the transcript of the interviews, so the "high official's" statements remain off-the-record. Yet the spokesman was none other than Dulles himself, who had barely finished putting out the statement that American policy toward Quemoy was still undetermined.

Undoubtedly our Secretary of State thinks he is dealing cleverly with the Chinese Communists. Yet this diplomatic trick of stating an official policy publicly, followed by a greatly expanded and quite different policy stated anonymously, makes him appear treacherous, as well as clever.

Aside from the effects of such a maneuver upon our diplomatic enemies at whom it is aimed, it also has repercussions among our diplomatic

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friends, the Congress and the American people. We can never be sure whether an official statement from Dulles, be it to the press or to a Congressional committee, is to be taken at face value as our official foreign policy, or whether it is merely an official front for the course of action he really intends to follow.

If Dulles and the President did make the finding that Quemoy will be defended by the United States, why are not the American people entitled to know it? Why should our foreign policy be stated by a masked man, anyway?

Moreover, regardless of what Mr. Dulles said in his role as an anonymous "high official" at Newport, a public and official finding must still be made by the President before the Formosa Resolution can be invoked. For the Secretary of State to say anonymously that it will be does not constitute an official finding.

IT WOULD SEEM from his entire record as Secretary of State—and I have covered only a small part of it here—that John Foster Dulles retains a highly romantic mental image of himself and his role in world affairs. He seems to see himself as an Old World figure of the nineteenth century, a lone manipulator of world events. He roves from capital to capital, dealing and negotiating and making American policies and commitments that are often exclusively his.

But the lone-wolf diplomat and world-shaker of the nineteenth century is out of date. Nor does he have any place in the American system. As Dulles proudly treads the brink of war, he also treads the brink of unconstitutionality, for his commitment to Quemoy in the Far East, as in Lebanon, is his own and not that of Congress.

American foreign policy belongs to the people, and not to Dulles or any other single man. And Constitutionally, the people speak on foreign policy through both the Congress and the President.

Basically, of course, the nation needs a President who knows what is going on, who has the background and capability of weighing matters of international import, and who accepts the responsibility for making the necessary decisions. A Dulles, and a Sherman Adams, are bound to evolve from a leaderless Administration such as this one.

For Dwight Eisenhower occupies the White House—occasionally—but he does not exercise the powers or duties of the Presidency. The vacuum at the top is filled by Dulles on foreign-policy matters and by Adams on domestic matters. Since neither is an elected official, responsible to the people, their exercise of Executive power goes on behind closed doors. Neither Congress nor the people can detect what they are doing until the policies are made and the decisions announced—if they *are* announced. And our policies in the Far East have been emerging from Dulles, the Secretary of State, from Dulles, the anonymous spokesman, from Admiral Smoot, the American Commander in the Formosa Strait, but not from the President of the United States.

Both Congress and the people are responsible for permitting this condition to exist in American government. And the price exacted for the Dulles policies, when we find out what they are, may turn out to be far more than Americans were ever willing to pay.

COUCH AND CONFESSIONAL . . *by William G. Cole*

PSYCHOTHERAPY is by no means a child of the twentieth century. It was born when the first witch-doctor rattled some dried peas in a hollow gourd to exorcise the evil spirit from the body of one of the tribesmen. Throughout primitive times, religion and medicine were a single enterprise; and though medicine began its long trek toward science and independence with the careful observations of Hippocrates about 400 B.C., nowhere has religion entirely abandoned the task of ministering to the ailing bodies and minds of men.

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The history of religions abounds in faith healings. Jesus was only one in a long heritage of charismatic leaders who worked wonders, restoring eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and legs to the lame. Significantly enough, though subsequent generations of His followers have overlooked the fact, He made no claims that His healings were proofs of His divinity. Rather, these mighty acts were simply signs of the imminence of the Kingdom. Jesus said again and again to those he had healed, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Nor should the bleak trip to Nazareth be forgotten. There He could work no wonders, for the people had no trust in Him. "A prophet," He said, "is not without honor, save in his own country."

The story of the early Church is studded with dramatic transformations of personality, associated frequently with conversion and baptism which cleansed the new believer of past sins. The late Hellenistic Age was a time of anxiety and guilt, of widespread "failure of nerve," and the doctrine of forgiveness of sins spoke with genuine power to the hungry souls of a Roman empire already beginning to decay. Gradually, the confession of guilt in open church gave way to the structuralized sacrament of penance, in which the priest listened to the penitent in private. The medieval handbooks of penance are filled with detailed descriptions of all the psychotic conditions found in present-day psychiatric literature. If Freud had been familiar with this treasure-house of ecclesiastical wisdom, he would have

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been amazed by its striking anticipation of his own case histories.

In the late Middle Ages, abuses of the penitential system gave rise to protests, most dramatically and most permanently from Martin Luther. Luther began his reformed church with three sacraments—baptism, the eucharist and penance—but as his break with Rome became more bitter, he dropped the last of these. Calvin and also the Anabaptists followed his lead. Thus, Protestantism historically has been without a designated method of dealing with the individual member's sense of guilt and anxiety. Theologically, this rejection was based upon Luther's leveling of the medieval hierarchy, his declaration that every Christian is a priest charged not only with the right but with the responsibility to proclaim the forgiveness of sins. But this means sins collectively and in general. No man may forgive another; only God has that right. So each individual was left alone with his God—with a God who became increasingly moralistic at the hands of Lutheran pietism and Calvinist Puritanism. The Protestant pastor, becoming the spokesman of a stern and conventional morality, set up almost insurmountable barriers between himself and his erring people. Who could think of baring his sordid soul to this paragon of virtue? God might forgive (though even this grew doubtful), but certainly the reverend pastor never could.

CURIOUSLY, doctrines of the sanctity of all work and the priesthood of all believers were intended to have the opposite effect. The barriers between pulpit and pew should have been broken down, and in many respects they were. But the abolition of the confessional, with its anonymity and its authority, had consequences foreseen by none of the Reformers. The modern period has witnessed the paradoxical spectacle of Roman Catholics accepting their priests as fallible men, yet endowed with genuine spiritual authority, and Protestants setting their ministers on a moral pedestal, but turning to them an ear grown daily more heedless. Jung, in his *Modern Man in Search of a Soul,* testifies to the superiority of Roman Catholicism over both Protestantism and Judaism in the safety-valves against internal pressures built into both the individual believer and the institution.

In recent years a semi-scientific variety of psychotherapy has been grasped at by many in Protestant circles as a potential bridge between priest and people. Among Freud's early disciples there were a few Protestant pastors, largely in Switzerland, but the ecclesiastical reaction to psychoanalysis was on the whole bitterly hostile. Its anti-religious bias, together with its pan-sexualism, was more than the clergy could swallow. Jung sugar-coated the distasteful dose with a semi-mystical flavoring, and Adler's shift from sex to the quest for power seemed to come from the same bottle as the traditional doctrine of original sin. But it was Carl Rogers, with his school of non-directive therapy, who really provided an ideological base for the clergy. The reason is quite simple: by and large the parson's interest in psychology is practical rather than theoretical. Outside the seminaries, there are few ecclesiasts who know or care much about the varied views of human personality in the several schools of thought: psychoanalysis and its splinter groups led by Jung, Adler and Horney; Behaviorism, Gestalt, the Psychology of Personality, etc. The beleaguered pastor must tend far too many sheep to be able to keep abreast of these subtle and complex polemics. He must serve as preacher, teacher, administrator, religious educator, money-raiser, counselor, guide and community leader. In the few hours he can snatch for reading, he selects the practical, the useable, either as fodder for the sermon mill, or as concrete helps to his daily ministry. His interest in psychology is strictly pragmatic, and this brings him directly to the non-directive Mr. Rogers.

The very title of Rogers' first and foremost book—*Counselling and Psychotherapy*—is appetizing. Its contents are even better. Ideally, a counselor should be carefully trained for his task, but Rogers is realistic. He knows that thousands of preachers and teachers are in fact doing counseling of various sorts, and he wants to help them. His training program is very mild, compared with the rigorous requirements set up for the professional: the psychoanalyst, the psychiatrist, the clinical psychologist, the psychiatric social worker. These disciplines demand years of study at the graduate level. Some presuppose a medical education; some can be entered only after prolonged personal analysis. And they are all full-time careers. No parish parson has time for such intensive study; he is eager for short-cuts, for do-it-yourself aids. Rogers' technique is marvelously—deceptively—simple. It offers the counselor two fundamental ground-rules: first, he must be scrupulously non-directive, allowing the "client" to select his own goals, moral standards, etc.; second, he must confine himself to reflecting the feeling-tone of the client.

IN practice, both dicta are very difficult to follow. In his own teaching, Rogers records interviews conducted by students and subjects them to careful analysis, pointing out where the counselor obviously missed the emotive tone behind the client's remark and reflected intellectual content instead. Similarly, the counselor is often found guilty of talking too much, of over-interpretation, of being directive. Skillful non-directive counseling requires a combination of native ability, long experience and carefully supervised training. But the reefs lie beneath the surface, and the parson, book in hand, skims merrily over them.

This is not to say that all ministers employ superficial counseling practices. Many have an innate sympathy for and understanding of people which render them extraordinarily effective in helping their parishioners. Just as the old family doctor practiced psychosomatic medicine long before it had a fancy name, so the wise pastor has for centuries counseled skillfully without special training. That is no excuse, however, for omitting the training now that it is available, and many theological seminaries include counseling, the psychology of personality and psychotherapy as regular parts of their

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with the sentiments of the whites in Southside Virginia, a section of heavy Negro population and extreme race prejudice, representing less that one-fourth the population of the state. Much pressure had been brought to bear upon the Governor from that quarter in the weeks preceding his defiant statement. But the rest of the state was not so easily carried along. In many sections compliance was still contemplated, and school officials and others went on planning for the difficult task.

AS LATE AS July, 1955, the Norfolk school board was able to say with impunity: "We intend, without mental reservation, to uphold and abide by the law of the land." But, when in January, 1956, the Arlington County school board published its compliance plans, the General Assembly swiftly took punitive action: that county was deprived of its right to elect its school board by popular vote.

One distinguished Virginian, long identified with the Byrd group, broke with the machine on the "massive resistance" issue. Colgate W. Darden, Jr., a former governor and now about to retire as president of the University of Virginia, expressed vehement disapproval and advocated a policy of local option.

The State Board of Education opposed "massive resistance" until its two ablest members, including its president, were replaced by reliable extremists. The professional educators of the State Department of Education watched developments with private dismay. One high-ranking official, J. L. Blair Buck, resigned and expressed open disgust. The experience of State Superintendent of Public Instruction Howard is a tragic story.

I had a long talk with Howard a few days before the 1954 Supreme Court decision was handed down. He had already wrestled quietly with the problem for a long time, and was grimly confident of gradual adjustment in two-thirds of Virginia. Even with regard to the other one-third he was not defeatist; he felt only that it would take a long time.

It did not seem to occur to this educator that Virginia would do other than make a loyal effort to comply with the ruling of the nation's highest tribunal. I sensed in him a certain exhilaration at the prospect of becoming himself the center of great events, and of pride in the thought that Dowell Howard might be destined to lead Virginia's public school system through the greatest crisis in its history.

The day after the decision was handed down Howard made that splendid statement: "There will be no defiance of the Supreme Court as far as I am concerned. We are trying to teach children to abide by the law of the land, and we will abide by it."

In later months he recalled those words with anguish. He had been obliged to stifle his better impulses. He had been an unwilling participant in the endless planning of officials and politicians to resist and circumvent the Court's decision. He had been obliged to "cooperate" with men who were even willing to sacrifice the public school system.

The buoyant administrator of May, 1954, suffered a nervous breakdown in December, 1955, and two months later died of a heart attack.

BY THIS time Virginia had become in a sense the leader of Southern resistance. It was Virginia's Senator Byrd who coined the expression, "massive resistance." It was he who largely instigated the Southern Manifesto. Virginia had disinterred "interposition," and spread that dubious doctrine over the South.

Representative John Bell Williams, of Mississippi, told a Richmond audience that, if anti-segregation forces "can break the will of this state, other states will capitulate as a matter of course." An exaggerated view, perhaps, but it has been expressed by many in both segregationist and integrationist camps.

The question did not come to a popular vote in Virginia until January, 1956, and then in a confused and ambiguous fashion. The Byrd machine produced a program which has since been largely abandoned as too moderate but which was regarded at the time as sensationally defiant. Called the Gray Plan, it provided for state grants for private school tuition for pupils who might object to integration. It also contemplated a pupil assignment plan similar to the Pearsall Plan, now in effect in North Carolina, and offered local option on the whole question.

In a hectic campaign to secure approval of the necessary constitutional amendment, the local-option feature of the Gray Plan was emphasized among moderate elements in the northwestern half of the state. Elsewhere the plan was put forward as a segregation measure. It was aggressively supported by racist organizations and extremists.

In spite of its catch-all quality, the plan did not easily attract the public. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* reported in mid-campaign: "If the referendum were held tomorrow, the outcome would be in grave doubt."

But the machine could not afford to lose. So officeholders, former officeholders and would-be officeholders, and all the resources of the organization were mobilized and the plan won by a two-to-one vote. The "yes" vote included many who accepted the plan not as a circumvention device, but as an authorization to go ahead locally with adjustment to the law of the land. Nevertheless, the machine interpreted the result of the referendum as a mandate from the people for all-out resistance.

In September, 1956, following a huddle of machine leaders in Senator Byrd's Washington office, a special session of the General Assembly went the whole intransigent way. It adopted a spate of anti-integration laws, providing, among other "lines of defense," for the closing of any integrated public school.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the about-face in Virginia is all the work of Harry Byrd. Inherent race prejudice and attachment to states' rights, the propaganda of racist organizations, indignation over the sending of federal troops to Little Rock, were all there. Many of the machine politicians who followed the Senator leaned toward segregation from the start.

Three of the most powerful figures

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in the machine, Congressman and former Governor William M. Tuck, Congressman Watkins Abbitt and State Senator Garland Gray (of the Gray Plan) represent Black Belt constituencies. These men and many others doubtless would have fought public school integration under any circumstances. But without the approval of Senator Byrd a state-wide "massive resistance" would never have materialized.

White supremacy has never been conspicuous in Byrd's philosophy, but a passionate and lifelong attachment to the principle of states' rights permeates his very being. It was not to be supposed that he would approve of the Supreme Court decision. It was just conceivable, however, that he would engross himself in the national debt and other problems of the United States Senate and leave the explosive segregation issue to be handled at the state level. Had he done so, the recent history of Virginia, even of the South, might have been written differently.

But political considerations also are ever-present in the Senator's calculations. Race prejudice and defiance of the federal government have long been a magical combination, politically, in the South. The Byrd machine in 1954 was at its lowest ebb in a generation. An anti-machine Democrat in 1949 and a Republican in 1953 had both come frighteningly close to winning the governorship. Now the machine has routed both liberal Democrats and Republican opposition and is riding again on the crest of the wave.

Byrd's mystical personal prestige also has been completely reinstated. The Saturday before Labor Day, as is his annual custom, he gathered several thousand of the faithful at a picnic in his apple orchard at Berryville. There, speaking from the back of a truck, he exhorted Virginia to stand fast in "massive resistance." The seventy-year-old Senator was presented with a resolution of appreciation from the General Assembly, and a letter in which Governor Almond, who was unable to be present, hailed him as "the greatest living American."

To the "true believers" of the machine, who hold the reins almost everywhere in Virginia, defiance of the Supreme Court of the United States may be a painful necessity. Defiance of Harry Byrd is unthinkable.

AMBASSADORS IN STONE . . *by Eugene Raskin*

AMONG THE most influential ambassadors which our State Department sends abroad are the embassy buildings themselves. For ambassadors may come and go, make and retract statements, deliver and receive notes and finally be recalled home—but the buildings in which they live and work remain as permanent residents, fixed parts of the scene in host countries, and constant representatives of what our nation stands for.

In this respect, American architecture, as seen in our new embassies abroad, has done more in recent years to evoke friendship than has our eminent Secretary of State in all his travels. A new and significant change in our whole approach to embassy architecture has taken place — a change which, it is profoundly to be hoped, presages a corresponding one in our attitude to foreign affairs.

Traditionally, our embassy buildings were planned to impress the host countries with our power, our dignity, our prestige, in order that there might be no doubt about the kind of respect we expected. Thus they were for the most part designed in the heavy, pompous neo-classic manner which might be dubbed "Washington Monumental." Later, when the International Style had achieved respectability, we built glass-and-steel slabs culled directly from our business and financial centers. In both cases, the main statement of the architecture was to tell the world how big and strong we were, and how rigidly we insisted on speaking our own language (architectural as well as verbal), no matter where on the globe we chanced to be.

The world was impressed, all right, but hardly charmed. It is far easier to respect the rich stranger than to like him, especially when his efforts are all towards making you respect him, and the devil with what you may or may not like. It would be far out of proportion to say that our embassy architecture earned us world hostility; but there is no denying that it was consistent with the whole pattern of our diplomatic insensitivity, and therefore played its part in the evocation of resentment.

THUS THE current change in architectural policy is one of the happiest features of the contemporary scene. The new embassies, under construction or in the design stages, are inspired by the idea that a guest, whether person or building, should make an effort to recognize and conform with the customs of the host, as a minimum matter of courtesy. One does not exactly have to worship Allah if one is of another faith, but one can at least leave one's shoes outside the mosque.

Under the wise direction of an advisory building committee whose present members are architects Richard Bennett, Edgar Williams and Eero Saarinen, the State Department's Office of Foreign Buildings has instituted a policy calling upon the designers of our embassy buildings to study the architecture of the host countries, to analyze the cultural,

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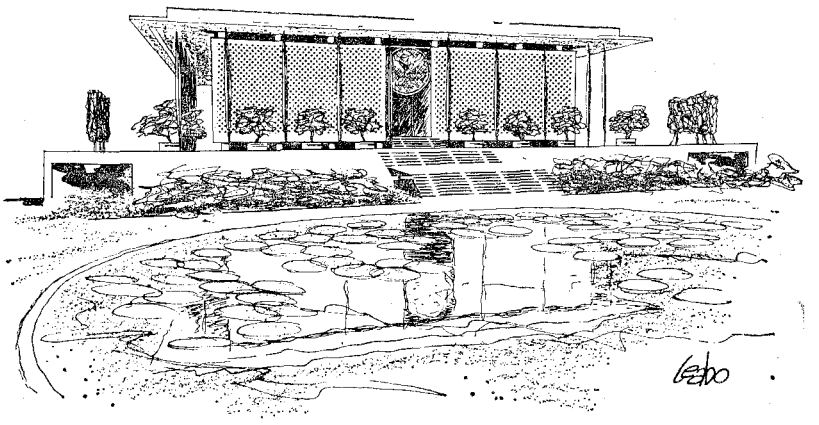
climatic and technological factors that have shaped that architecture and to absorb its stylistic spirit. The purpose is not to ape the local style, which would be perhaps even ruder than to ignore it, but to seek an honest expression of America's architectural creativity working in a well understood and sincerely appreciated context.

This is an approach, of course, which ideally should not be limited to architecture; a good dose of respect and understanding would benefit all areas of diplomatic activity. To find it as an outright statement of policy anywhere is a cause for celebration.

PERHAUS THE clearest example of the new approach, and certainly the best known, is Edward D. Stone's embassy office building in New Delhi, India. Although its vocabulary of architectural forms is modern, the design as a whole is classically pure —serenely symmetrical, regular in its rhythmic pattern. In front of the main facade is a reflecting pool, while at the core of the building is a shaded "water garden," giving a great sense of coolness and grace. The lace-like pierced screen which has become Mr. Stone's signature is here at its delicate best. Anything farther from the harsh brashness and impersonality of the usual institutional architecture would be hard to imagine.

It should be noted that the wide overhang of the roof and the pierced screen are more than stylistic expressions. They are also honest functional recognitions of the climate and light of the region. As far as atmosphere goes, too, Stone has captured that air of meditation, of mystical and poetic thought, which is the keynote of Indian national character and art. In short, it is a superb job, worth more, I am convinced, in improving international relations than a dozen jet-flown missions.

Somewhat similarly inspired, but with its own local character, is the embassy at Bangkok, Thailand, designed by John Carl Warneke. Set on light pillars directly in a klong, or lake, the multi-storied, balconied structure seems to float in the tropical air like some exotic and legendary



U.S. Embassy at New Delhi. (*Architect*: *Edward D. Stone.*)

bird. Though it does not imitate the indigenous architecture, there is, in the curving ends of the balcony slabs, enough of a reminiscent flavor to evoke a suggestion of the regional character. Another among the best is the ambassador's residence and office building for Rabat, Morocco, for which Ketchum, Gina and Sharp were the architects. A low, folded concrete roof gives a pattern that is small in scale, in keeping with the nature of the city's architecture, while many open areas, patios and gardens give a constant change of light and shadow to relieve the glare of the Moroccan sun.

Strangely enough, the least successful of the new embassies is the one for Athens, Greece — for a reason which is not the fault of its architect, Walter Gropius. Being in Greece, a neoclassic expression was very naturally chosen. Unfortunately, no matter how well done a neoclassic building may be, it inevitably reminds those of us who were around in the thirties of much public-works architecture, particularly post offices. The associations are understandably mixed. Of course, the good people of Athens, having been spared this conditioning, are free to enjoy the building on its own merits, so that Mr. Gropius may be proved to be entirely in the right. Certainly the design, looked at objectively, is reserved, dignified and in excellent taste. To ask for more is to be carping indeed.

Nevertheless, to carp is human, and there is another area of U.S. architectural activity abroad which needs mention—the Hilton hotels. In a sense, these are also embassies, since from Havana to Istanbul and points East they represent American culture, commerce and standards. The citizen of the host country has contact with America just as truly when he signs a business agreement in a Hilton hotel as when he attends a conference at the embassy. He may, in fact, under certain circumstances, find the Hilton hotel experience the more real of the two, if it is more productive of tangible results.

THE architecture of the hotels is in sharp contrast to that of the embassies. With some occasional concessions to local conditions, they are almost uniformly in a style one might describe as toned-down Miami Modern (though, to be honest, one might just as appropriately describe what's built in Miami as jazzed-up Hilton International). In any case, it is an architecture that is not much concerned with catering to the other fellows' values; it feels entirely happy with its own. The result is a sameness in design which is the exact opposite of the rich variety of our official embassy buildings. We are faced with a curious situation in which the output of free enterprise has much more the look of regimentation than that turned out under that legendary threat to free expression, the State.

Meanwhile, one can only speculate on the state of mind of the foreign citizen who looks across the square of his city at two United States "embassies" and wonders which one is the more sincere.

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The Boredom, and the Horror and the Glory

THE LOOM OF HISTORY. By Herbert J. Muller. Harper & Bros. 433 pp. $7.50.

Geoffrey Barraclough

IT IS right and proper that historians today should return again and again to the story of Asia Minor. Unless we reduce history to a dreary "background" commentary on contemporary affairs, what more fascinating story could there be? Here in the narrow, confined area between the Aegean Sea and Mesopotamia was the crucible of all we know as civilization. From the border-lands between Arabia and Palestine three of the world's great religions were carried abroad. Here Orient and Occident converged, and the great historic theme of East and West, which is so actual today, had its birth. Here again, and not on the mainland of Greece, the Greeks first developed their powers of civilization and the spirit we claim, perhaps with undue complacency, as the heritage of our Western world. Today, when civilization is "on the brink," it is more realistic to go back to prime causes and put first things first, than to probe about on the surface, mistaking the dross of history for its undercurrents. The old myth that history will somehow provide a key, opening a way out of present dilemmas, is exploded; but a long view of history can give us some idea of what we have to lose and what to gain, beyond mere life, and why the whole story is not pointless. And these are things we can better learn in ancient Asia Minor than in the modern Middle East, in piercing the mists of antiquity than in anxiously analyzing the politics of the inter-war and post-war years.

It is from this point of view that Herbert J. Muller's new volume should be approached. Thanks to the work of the archaeologists, begun scarcely three-quarters of a century ago, the panorama of the vanished life of Asia Minor has been recovered from underneath the rubble of centuries; and since then many accounts of the ancient civilizations of the Near East and the eastern basin of the Mediterranean have been written, to put the newly accumulated facts in order. It was necessary work, for even as late as 1880, for example, the mere existence of the Hittite Empire was unknown; and it is still necessary work, as new discoveries require adjustments in the existing scheme. But Professor Muller's object is different. His book is not history in the ordinary sense, if by history we mean a chronicle, a narrative, or a recital of fact, but rather an appreciation and evaluation and interpretation of events. He has written it, he says, because for him "Asia Minor gives the most vivid, poignant sense of the 'meaning' of history" — in the words of T. S. Eliot, "the boredom, and the horror and the glory." And in writing it, he has not shrunk from "stressing the inevitable ambiguities and incongruities," conscious that it is only by "deliberately complicating the major issues" that we can get at history's relevance.

THIS being the character of Professor Muller's work, summary tells us little either of its essential contents or of its quality. Briefly, the book leads us through the major cultures of Asia Minor, using the great cities — Troy, Miletus, Ephesus, Tarsus, Constantinople, Ankara—as symbols and guides. On the whole, the first six chapters, where Professor Muller is dealing with antiquity, are more engrossing than the last four; and we may wonder whether the new Turkey of Ataturk is significant enough to stand on all fours with Byzantium or the empire of Suleiman the Magnificent, to say nothing of Ionium or the Hittites or the Hellenistic Age. But the external structure is perhaps less important than in most historical writing. For what counts is Professor Muller's reflections and observations, the lessons (or perhaps one should simply say the wisdom) he culls from the past. For once, leisurely treatment, breadth, amplitude, unhurried exposition, are amply justified: this is a big book—I almost said a forbiddingly big book—but only its bigness makes the fullness of content possible.

Basically, in handling the story of Asia Minor at such length, Professor Muller is warning us against the dangers of our European-centered history, and the assumption that Western civilization is "the supreme object of world history." But there is nothing in his book of the currently fashionable disparagement of the West. It is not to exalt the East at the expense of the West, but to know ourselves and our civilization better, that we should widen our horizons. "The ancient societies of the East are not the only alternative to our kind of society: but they force the question of alternatives" and thus "make us more aware of the elementary goods we take for granted."

> Is a society healthier when it rests on the manual labour of peasants living in poverty? Is a tractor really more inhuman than a wooden stick or plow? Is it better for the masses of men to be illiterate? To pray to saints in the absence of doctors? To be discouraged against hopes of improving their material lot or their social status?

This is sensible and valuable as an antidote to the nostalgias of the present, the disillusion with industrial civilization and material progress. Against the East, we can see the West better; its achievements as well as its limitations.

But against the background painted by Professor Muller, the perspectives are different from those to which we are accustomed. The old line leading so clearly and triumphantly from Greece through Rome to the Western world is blurred, if not broken. It is still true that we are "spiritual descendants of the Greeks." Nevertheless, Professor Muller insists again and again that "the Greeks failed." They succumbed, he shows, "to the ways of the ancient East," to "the imperious need of miracle, mystery and authority"; and the significance of the history of Asia Minor is that it reminds us "how precarious the Greek adventure was." It is much the same with Christianity, which also "is a failure by its own standards." Professor Muller has some challenging and heterodox things to say about St. Paul and St. Peter and their relative significance in the history of the Church. But what stands out is that as the Church turned away from Paul, it fell back under an Oriental sway:

> The legalism denounced by Jesus and Paul came back in full force. With it came a ritualism derived largely from the Oriental mystery religions. . . . It called for the familiar Oriental virtues of patience,

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obedience, resignation. . . . When it became the imperial religion it entered politics, but then it reverted to ancient Oriental type.

These quotations give something of the flavor of Professor Muller's thought. He is against the systematizers who see history as conforming to a pattern. Although he admires him for his universal view, he is critical of Arnold Toynbee. And in the same way he criticizes Gordon Childe and Benjamin Farrington for their economic interpretations. He denies inevitability, the view that developments were "bound to come." "Countless peoples," he says, "have remained primitive," and "failed to take any of the logical steps." Hence "we are led back to misty, immaterial factors." And if he has chosen to write of Asia Minor, it is because the history of Asia Minor illustrates better than any other this complicated process. Here there is no pattern, but a confusion of patterns, no solution but a plethora of possibilities, good, bad or indifferent. It may be that "the timeless Anatolian peasant" is "better equipped to endure than the Western man on the street." Yet who, Professor Muller asks, "would return to the life of Yassihüyük?" "The peasant could endure because he always had to endure." But "he was as poor in spiritual as in material goods." Progress may be a debatable concept, and in popular discourse a very dubious one. But it is not an illusion. "The history of Asia Minor," Professor Muller concludes, "does not for a moment suggest that progress is a law of human history." But it does suggest that life is richer for this hope and that the human race has made a positive gain when ordinary men have been enabled to live in this spirit.

Eisenhower: the Image Fades

EISENHOWER: CAPTIVE HERO. By Marquis Childs. Harcourt, Brace & Company. 310 pp. $4.75.

George Dangerfield

IT WILL surprise nobody that this book begins as a success story and ends as a study in failure. As such, it has a prominent dividing ridge or watershed:

> If Dwight Eisenhower's public record had ended with his military career, it seems safe to assume that a high place would be secure for him. But he went on to become President of the United States in a time when this office was never of greater moment for the country and for the world.

Backward from this ridge the waters run until they reach a birthplace on the wrong side of the tracks in Abilene, Kansas; traversing the story of a perfect American hero—a soldier of humble origins, buoyant, confident, charming, who rose to supreme command and who, to his everlasting credit, never struck a heroic attitude or made a bellicose speech. Forward they run into 1958 and the melancholy resolution of an autumnal theme—the bright, popular image of the President "was gradually fading away." Mr. Childs might have been writing about the Cheshire Cat.

The first question posed by this book, it seems to me—rather diffidently posed because it is unanswerable — concerns that irresponsibility which lies at the heart of our political system, and indeed of all human systems, and which compels us from time to time to act in defiance of our own history. Our past would seem to insist that no President who is above politics can be a really useful or active President; and yet, Mr. Childs points out that it was because he was above politics that General Eisenhower seemed such an attractive candidate—to the idealists who believed he could be taught, to the politicians of all kinds who thought he could be managed, and ultimately to himself. He was to unify the country, whatever that means. Here the recorded past can be seen in its usual role of Cassandra.

At this point, of course, there arises the obvious thought that the past is not prophetic, displays no rigid chain of cause and effect, cannot be used to determine the future. Indeed, in the case of President Eisenhower, the warnings of the past might well have been disregarded with supreme success: for the greatest single task that the President has been called upon to perform, as an American leader or a world leader, was to meet the crisis which is now constellated in Little Rock; and this task, surely, called for a suprapolitical figure. It is not from party considerations that a President stands up to defend the most elementary of human rights.

But the President, as Mr. Childs puts it, "brought to his high office a civics text-book concept of the co-ordinate powers of the three branches of the federal government." And so, asked whether or not he endorsed the Supreme Court decision, he made the appalling answer: "I think it makes no difference whether or not I endorse it. . . . The Constitution is as the Supreme Court interprets it; and I must conform to that and do my very best to see that it is carried out in this country." "No President," says Childs, "in a long time had so narrowly interpreted his role." If he had written "so tragically misinterpreted it," he would have done no violence to his customary mildness of tone.

Here one goes back to the question of irresponsibility. If this text-book concept existed in Eisenhower's mind, why was it never discovered, even by those idealists and those liberals who, Childs tells us, were among the General's ear-

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Under the Boughs

Prefer the cherry when the fruit hangs thick
and hot for plunder of a blackbird's beak,
the bird flashing and crying in the leaves.

Shadow and sun and blackbird in the leaves
make summer's ripeness, the blood's sweet, slow heat,
when there is this hot red-fleshed fruit to eat.

I will not ask you to believe sweetness
of fruit beyond all possible sweetness
when the sugary juice stains lips and teeth.

I will not ask you to believe surfeit
is possible. The sun burns at your shut
eyelids; the sun warms at your shadowed cheek.

Only hear the bird crying in the leaves.
Long ago there were white-trembling blossoms
Upon the boughs where full fruit hangs now.

GENE BARO

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liest supporters? Again, since the General freely admitted—and the admission was scarcely necessary in the light of his career as a professional soldier—that he was an amateur in politics, why the reckless assumption that the hard political side of the Presidency could be learned overnight? As a suprapolitical figure, he had the wrong idea of his office; as a political figure, he had no equipment for it at all.

It would seem that any study of the failure of Eisenhower as a President should admit—and Childs's study certainly implies — that the original cause of this failure lies with the people who persuaded him that it was his duty to become a candidate for the Presidency. Here he is blameless. The proximate cause, naturally, lies in his own beliefs and character. His political and economic ideas, as Childs writes about them here, resolve themselves into what one might call a deliberate withdrawal to previously prepared positions in the nineteenth century. His foreign policy is internationalist and peaceful: but "no President in history delegated so much of his constitutional authority over the conduct of foreign policy." He handed it over to a Secretary of State who was almost, if not quite, a man of war: as if Noah had sent out from the Ark not a dove but a buzzard. He sincerely believes that a President's function is, wherever possible, to refrain from action. In his character (Childs insists) there lurks a craving for privacy, for anonymity, which is absolutely incompatible with the demands of his office.

These are some conclusions which may be drawn from this book—a melancholy book indeed, but an able and devastating one. Of course, it is anything but the last word. It lacks, as its author readily admits, that essential component, "the long perspective." It is drawn chiefly from the public record of this most secretive Administration; tells us only what we think we already know; confirms what must still be called speculations, however well founded. When the private record at last filters down through the memoirs of friends, advisers and colleagues, and through the President's own letters and memoranda, there may be a very different picture of the President himself. It may then appear that behind that kindly, fretful, unbending indifference there was concealed a man who spent long terrible hours in agonized thinking over the problems that beset him, the nation and the world. To the future, then, we must leave these alternatives—the heartbreaking discovery that such lonely meditations actually existed: the even more heartbreaking discovery that they did not.

The Movement that Came After

THE AMERICAN COMMUNIST PARTY: 1919-1957. By Irving Howe and Lewis Coser. The Beacon Press. 593 pp. $6.75.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY vs. THE CIO. By Max M. Kampelman. Frederick A. Praeger. 299 pp. $6.

Robert Claiborne

WRITING a history of the American Communist Party is not a job I would wish on my best friend. Cold-war mythology and the party's own high irritation value make a dispassionate look at the facts difficult and even dangerous. And the facts themselves are far from complete. The party's leaders have, to be sure, sounded off through the years at turgid and wearisome length, but the reality behind their self-contradictory trumpetings is hard to reconstruct. The record is cluttered with the testimony of professional witnesses, the scare-headlines of sensational journalism and the apologia of ex-Communists who have abandoned communism but not self-deception. Those who combine first-hand knowledge of the party with a reasonable amount of perspective about it have mostly preferred to keep quiet.

Given these difficulties, Irving Howe and Lewis Coser have done a pretty good job of unsnarling the party's tangled history. Their lively account is biased, as any book on the subject must be. Past association with splinter-socialism has made them eager to see the party as invariably inept and/or dishonest (their description of the "People's Front" period, in particular, bristles with words like "betrayal," "cynicism" and "duplicity"). The ineptness and (at least at the party's upper levels) dishonesty were there, all right, but I suspect that much of what the authors take for duplicity was really Doublethink — or plain Muddlethink.

With this reservation, their history is about as accurate and complete as the available sources will permit. Their attempt to explain the genesis and growth of communism seems to me less successful. The Communist movement, they contend, was from the mid-twenties on consistently subordinated to the "Stalinist counter-revolution" in the U.S.S.R. Though this thesis is hard to argue with, it seems to me oversimplified. In the first place, Soviet Stalinism, though unquestionably a counter-revolution, was also (as Isaac Deutscher has shown) a revolution. Apart from this, I do not think the Communist parties can be characterized as *simply* "'foreign national parties' . . . no longer responsive to the interests . . . of the native working class." Movements of that sort could not have produced a Tito or a Gomulka, and certainly not a Nagy or Maleter. In the U.S. and elsewhere the Communist Party functioned as *both* a native radical movement and a "foreign national" party — and (as Jules Monnerot has observed in a similar connection) "In being one thing it does not cease to be the other." It is this central ambiguity which lies at the root of all the ambiguities of communism, a movement which inspired as it corrupted, destroyed as it built, disintegrated as it grew.

BUT HOW could a movement of such frightful ambiguities grow at all? The authors' sociological and psychological explanations on this point, while pertinent, seem insufficient — applicable in measure to any radical movement and (in some cases) to nudists and vegetarians as well. The main reason seems to me to lie in a sentence whose implications they have not sufficiently explored: "Stalinism was the movement which came after." What it "came after," of course, was social democracy.

Between 1914 and 1935, social democracy had sustained a series of terrible moral blows. It had failed to prevent World War I, had in fact supported it. It had failed to achieve Socialist revolutions, had in some cases joined the extreme Right in suppressing them. It had, finally, failed to prevent fascism in Italy and Germany, where it was the majority of the Left, and in Austria, where it *was* the Left. Its proudest boast was that it stood for socialism plus democracy, yet it had failed to achieve the one or preserve the other.

The Soviet Communists, by contrast, had by 1935 built up a formidable political and moral capital against which their admirers in other countries could draw. They had opposed the war, had brought off their revolution and were constructing a functioning planned economy. The human cost of these achievements was less widely apparent

ROBERT CLAIBORNE's survey of the rise and fall of the Communist Party, Twilight On The Left, *appeared in* The Nation *of May 11, 1957.*

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during the thirties than it later became. Even the partial or total fakery of the Moscow trials was skillful enough to fool Churchill, Benes and most of the diplomatic colony in Moscow.

This capital, its value enhanced by the bankruptcy of its competitors, took years to dissipate. In this sense one may say that, given the failure of social democracy, Stalinism was a phase which the Socialist movement had to pass through; which, in some countries, it is unfortunately still passing through.

The Communist Party in this country, then, was both a public relations agency for the Stalin regime and the heir-by-default of the American radical tradition. Its few years of political significance are an instance of the truism that politics abhors a vacuum. It played the radical game badly and often crookedly, but for Socialist-minded Americans between 1935 and 1950 it was the only game in town.

IF Howe and Coser have underestimated the ambiguities of communism, Max Kampelman, in his account of the Communist-anti-Communist struggle in the CIO, has simply ignored them. The subtitle of his book, "A Study in Power Politics," suggests a serious investigation, but the reader soon learns that only Reds engage in power politics; anti-Reds have had no need of such devices, presumably because their hearts are pure.

Much of Kampelman's account is drawn from secondary sources. His main primary source, apart from the reports of the House Un-American Activities Committee, is the record of the CIO's trials of the Red unions. He quotes this record very selectively; one looks in vain for any account of what the accused union leaders had to say for themselves. Doubtless much of what they had to say was nonsense, but it would be nice to judge for oneself.

Coser and Howe, no less anti-Communist than Kampelman, recognize that not all the anti-Communist CIO leaders were white knights (their comments on Joe Curran are particularly noteworthy). Moreover, they note with disquiet that establishing a political "means test" in labor organizations raises problems which may well haunt the labor movement

A Picture

of people running down the street
among the cars, a good many people.
You could see that something was up,
because people in American towns
don't ordinarily run, they walk,
and not in the street. The camera caught
a pretty girl tilted off-balance
and with her mouth in O amazed;
a man in a fat white shirt, his tie
streaming behind him, as one flat foot
went slap on the asphalt—you could see
he was out of breath, but dutifully
running along with all the others,
maybe at midday, on Main Street somewhere.

The running faces did not record
hatred or anger or great enthusiasm
for what they were doing (hunting down
a Negro, according to the caption),
but seemed rather solemn, intent,
with the serious patience of animals
driven through a gate by some
urgency out of the camera's range,
on an occasion too serious
for private feeling. The breathless faces
expressed a religion of running,
a form of ritual exaltation
devoted to obedience, and
obedient, it might be, to the Negro,
who was not caught by the camera
when it took the people in the street
among the cars, toward some object,
seriously running.

HOWARD NEMEROV

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long after the party has been forgotten.

Kampelman is troubled by no such problems; his account is as predictable as a Western. The Rustlers (Reds) have been running off the cattle. The Hero (Murray) hesitates to fight them because he is a Man of Peace who doesn't realize they are Really Bad. But he Learns His Lesson and with a whoop and a holler leads the posse to the inevitable necktie party. The bad guys are eliminated and peace returns to the ranch-house of labor before you can say "Jimmy Hoffa."

This is not history but journalism, and second-rate journalism at that. Getting at the truth about the Communist Party is hard enough even if, like Howe and Coser, one asks the right questions. Kampelman doesn't bother to ask any questions; not surprisingly, he gets superficial answers.

Wit and Truth

THE BRONC PEOPLE. By William Eastlake. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 254 pp. $3.50.

Herbert Gold

WILLIAM EASTLAKE's second novel makes definite the arrival on the scene of a new, hard, dry, tender, very contemporary talent. Eastlake has been writing about cowboys and Indians and the Southwest for several years; a small group of readers has noticed him, some of them puzzled by the kidded debt to Hemingway and a subject matter which edges up against that beer-and-pretzels category, "the adult Western." Now, however, the Hemingway trick is bared for a joke and the proximity to the portentous teevee or movie Western is made a part of the comic action. A free-swinging playfulness and a deep nostalgia for the truths of sensual experience give us something we always need—a storyteller of wit, compassion and venturesomeness in both language and fantasy.

What happens in *The Bronc People*? It is a campfire entwining of anecdotes until the basic sense of character emerges. A couple of fancy-dan, interior-decorator bank robbers, some Indians who think a little like Rousseau and a lot like Indians, a rancher hooded in guilt over the murder of a black man, a woman who turns to religion and swearing to relieve her pain at being unable to bear more than one child, a rodeo performer who says that the proper courtesy in greeting kings and presidents is to say, "Hello" — these are some of the curious Americans who people the book. (The second time you meet a king or a president, it is your duty to say "Hello again.") The central figures of the book are two boys growing up on a ranch, a book-reading Negro kid named Alastair and the son of Millie and Big Sant, Santo. The Negro boy, adopted by the family, must eventually learn that his own father was killed by Big Sant, but he is mostly bemused by this knowledge, philosophical, only ritually vengeful, thoughtful as the day is long. The horror is not scanted, but horror is not the point. There is more in life than error, failure, guilt, misery. Alastair lives to purge his pain; he can enter a struggle without organizing a war.

The story has a sweetness and ease which is pure delight (though perhaps when we say delight, we mean "impure"). The faults of the book — an occasional banging on symbolic or sentimental drums, an occasional cute curtness of style, an indulgent running-on of talk — are easily forgiven in a writer finding his true and original way. The scenes of Indians attending a Christian funeral ("It's a chance to study a primitive culture," they say. "It may even be an opportunity to get drunk. Let us gather."), the episodes of boys riding together in the desert, the feeling of space and sun and air and mountains

HERBERT GOLD is the author of The Man Who Was Not With It *and one of the three contributors to* Fifteen by Three.

The Loser

I

I kissed you, bride and lost, and went
Home from that bourgeois sacrament,
Your cheek still tasting cold upon
My lips that gave you benison
With all the swagger that they knew—
As losers somehow learn to do.

Your wedding made my eyes ache; soon
The world would be worse off for one
More golden apple dropped to ground
Without the least protesting sound,
And you would windfall lie, and we
Forget your shimmer on the tree.

Beauty is always wasted: if
Not Mignon's song sung to the deaf,
At all events to the unmoved.
A face like yours cannot be loved
Long or seriously enough.
We use it better than we love.

II

Well, you are tougher than I thought.
Now, when the wash with ice hangs taut
This morning of Saint Valentine,
I see you strip the squeaking line,
Your body weighed against the load,
And all my groans can do no good.

Because you still are beautiful,
Though squared and stiffened by the pull
Of what nine windy years have done.
You have three daughters, lost a son.
I see all your intelligence
Flung into that unwearied stance.

My envy is of no avail.
I turn my head and wish him well
Who chafed your beauty into use
And lives forever in a house
Lit by the friction of your mind.
You stagger in against the wind.

ADRIENNE RICH

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acting upon and within people for whom the West's endowment from nature is the essential of life on earth — these and a host of other elements give us sufficient notice that an important writer is among us. Welcome to William Eastlake.

Human Patriot

THE LAST YEAR OF THOMAS MANN. By Erika Mann. Farrar Straus & Cudahy. 119 pp. $3.50.

Manfred George

THIS IS a book of love, the love of a daughter for her father. But, more than that, it is the account of a loyal secretary and companion totally devoted to the work of a great writer and poet.

Although it covers only the last year in Thomas Mann's life, it comes as a joy because it gives us an insight into the inexhaustible creativeness of this octogenarian. His enormous power to concentrate on his work was coupled with an intense interest in everyday events. He had reached the peak of contemporary fame, and still remained full of creative plans for the future.

During the last few years Erika Mann, herself a person of high individuality and creativity, had stepped more and more into her father's shadow. Her memoir is a last labor of love, an act of almost ceremonial significance. She writes about the innumerable honors that were heaped upon her father, but most of all she talks about Thomas Mann the writer who, amid the political turmoil of his final years, constantly strove to master the literary themes closest to his heart. He wrote his grandiose monograph on Chekhov and his essay on Schiller, whose passion for freedom held a special meaning for Thomas Mann in a world which had become increasingly threatening.

Mann was in search of universal solidarity, and the comment quoted by his daughter reveals more about him than his friends and foes had known:

> Does not all one's love for one's fellow-men rest upon compassionate, fraternal recognition of the almost hopeless difficulties of life? Indeed, this feeling should be the basis of a kind of human patriotism. One loves one's fellow-men because their lot is hard and because one is oneself a man.

Mann meant to write a series of character sketches from the Reformation period, with essays on Hutten, Erasmus, Zwingli and others. But then all this was swept aside by the Luther play, "The Wedding," a subject matter "which Wagner had already planned (in place of *Die Meistersinger)* and which preoccupied the author to the end."

THIS posthumous lament, in which silent tears over the loss of an extraordinary human being mingle with the most methodical day-by-day entries teeming with well-known names, says much about Thomas Mann, his friends, his hobbies and particularly about the responsibility of this writer, who after the war became the elder statesman of German literature and whose position as mediator between West and East was so frequently misunderstood.

Mann was always acutely afraid that mankind might perish in an atomic war. In order to start some action, he had prepared a list of prominent persons—Pearl S. Buck, William Faulkner, Bertrand Russell, Albert Schweitzer and others—who, collectively, would call attention to the ever-rising danger. But then there came the summer in Noordwijk, and the day when suddenly the writer found it beyond his strength to walk up the sloping path from the beach to his hotel.

Robert Graves's translation is perhaps a little impersonal and cold, for this book of great love.

MANFRED GEORGE is the editor of Aufbau, *German-language weekly published in New York.*

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

LOOKING back over the programs played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood this summer, I am struck again by the deep conservatism which seems to be affecting the orchestral part of the Berkshire Festival a bit more each season. I refer not only to the Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart series which accounted for twelve out of the eighteen week-end concerts; nor specifically to the programs overweighted with Wagnerian excerpts. Some of these series are part of the Tanglewood tradition and must, I suppose, be kept in order not to alienate portions of the audience. Why they need be given each year in the same way, I do not quite see, but that is another question. My disappointment with this year's festival planning was not with details but with the generally colorless aspect of the whole.

It is true that on most of the evenings devoted to one of the three B's, an obvious attempt was made to relieve

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the stolidity of the proceedings by including contemporary works. The concert which listed Brahms's *Serenade No. 1, Op. 11* and his *Symphony No. 4,* for instance, had Aaron Copland's *Variations for Orchestra* sandwiched in the middle, while the one featuring the Rachmaninoff *Third Piano Concerto* and Debussy's *La Mer* had the Stravinsky *Canticum Sacrum* pasted somewhat incongruously on its forehead. But despite this tincturing of new music, only eight works from a rough total of forty-nine could claim the freshness of unfamiliarity. And half of these works were short. If I were at the moment beating the drum for contemporary music, I would say that such programming did a disservice to twentieth-century art. But even putting that drum aside, it seems appropriate to ask whether, in the total layout of a very large festival, such works as the Bach *B Minor Mass,* the Brahms *Requiem,* and the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony*—each of them occupying a whole evening's program—should not be counter-balanced by at least one massive work of less familiarity or of later vintage? Similarly, is there not something a little off kilter when an American Viola Concerto (Walter Piston's) has to swim its way out of a sea of Wagner excerpts; or when the Copland *Variations*—one of the most distinguished works in the American repertory—must be heard as an interlude between two long, heavily-upholstered pieces by Brahms?

Speaking of the Copland *Variations,* I must say that for one familiar with their original, piano version, hearing them in their orchestral transcription is a staggering experience. For solo piano, they have an almost steely strength; an uncompromising, stark quality of idea and presentation. But a chord for the piano has, after all, a limited potential for vehemence. A pianist may break his fingers or a string, but he can produce only so much sound.

An orchestra, on the other hand, can strike out with a mailed fist, and in the Copland *Variations,* it does. What, in the piano version, was a sharp, percussive sound, becomes a stroke of naked force—the more upending because it is not brutal, but simply declamatory. Copland has not, in any sense, dressed up his original *Variations,* nor overemphasized their starkness. He has simply transmuted them into an even stronger metal. They are as organically orchestral as the originals were pianistic. But what an Angry Young Man the composer must have been in 1930!

THE Bennington Composers Conference, which is held each August on the campus of Bennington College in Vermont, is a product of plain but profound thinking, and personal altruism on the part of its founders. Two verities on which it is based are that musicians love to play music and that composers—especially young ones—must hear their music performed. To this end, the directors of the conference, with Allan Carter, conductor of the Vermont State Symphony Orchestra, Roger Goeb, composer, and violinist Max Pollikoff in the lead, assemble a nucleus of New York virtuoso musicians, a group of eager young composers and a professional tape-recordist. With these ingredients, they go to work in Bennington's delightful Carriage Barn auditorium. For several hours each day, new works are played into the recording microphones. The composer stands by, to stop a performance if horrible mistakes occur, or to point out aspects of the music which may not have been made clear by his manuscript. Later, the recording tapes are edited; mistakes or pauses for conversation weeded out. At the end of the conference, each composer leaves with an armful of precious recordings, and it would be impossible to exaggerate what they will mean to him in terms of self-study and technical improvement.

When recording sessions are not scheduled, conferences are held between the student and older staff composers; the performing musicians give lecture-demonstrations about their instruments.

ON MY visit to the conference this year, I was fortunate in arriving on a concert day, so that I was able to hear the well-performed works of two composers whose talent, it seems to me, is of the very first order. One of these young men, Hugh Aitken, was represented by a *Quintet for Oboe and String Quartet,* a hauntingly sensitive work, far Left in its dissonant harmonic structure, not uninfluenced by Schoenberg, yet decidedly personal in content. It was as graceful a work as I have heard in ages. The other composer, James Redding, opened the program with his five-movement *Serenade* for Violin, Clarinet and Trumpet. Here again, the idiom was dissonant (I suspect this was a dissonant season at Bennington), the content appealing and fresh. A *String Quartet* by David Johnson, composed for performance by amateur musicians, did not seem particularly successful or cogent, while the *Music for Percussion* by Margaret Fairlie bogged down in the swamp of monotony that catches almost all such pieces. Its opening movement called *Bennington Tensions,* had a great deal of vivacity and charm; had it stopped there, the work would have been a rousing success.

But to discover two works of the quality of those by Aitken and Redding was enough to put this concert far ahead of most new music programs. Judging by these pieces, and those I heard at afternoon recording sessions, I would guess that the Bennington Composers Conference has just completed one of its liveliest and most useful seasons.

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Bearers forever of banners,
Marchers forever where only
The strongest can hold from their weeping—
The army of the dull and lonely;

Commanders of brooding divisions
True to commands never heard:
"Be of the bone and the marrow
And you will remember the word."

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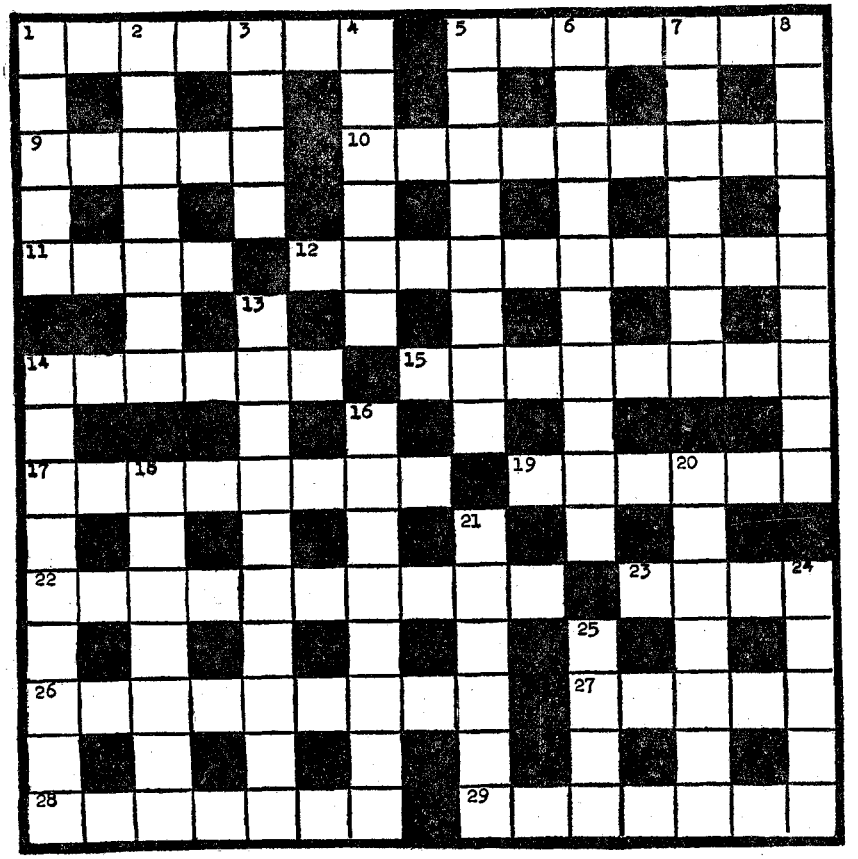
Crossword Puzzle No. 786

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 10 across
5 He might cut corners, but still is in better shape. (7)
9 Pay back part of the engine. (5)
10, 1 across, 23, 18 and 25 Evidently the blind types came down quickly with what packing might suggest. (3,6,2,5,4,7,4)
11 The darkest part of Marylebone. (4)
12 Soldiers might have said the West Wall was of poor construction. (5-5)
14 Bardolph's associate might be fired. (6)
15 Caledonian who gets loose, escaping punishment. (4-4)
17 Tainted. (8)
19 Gray's were short and simple. (6)
22 Binding at the back of your leg? A cowboy might be used to it. (4-6)
23 See 10 across
26 Not a blue-ribbon bunch in the shell —they just bring the winnings back. (5,4)
27 More stern ultimately? (5)
28 See the authority of these wild eaglets? (7)
29 Acts like Holmes. (7)

DOWN:

1 See 5 down
2 They might be out hunting for Dr. Simon! (7)
3 Cooperstown, Indiana? (4)
4 Like 24 down, a bird came first. (6)
5, 1 down, and 16 She's pure, as an example of the oft-recited. (3,5,2,3,8)
6 Dressed up for riding a worker (for the benefit of the liver?) (10)
7 Troubled waters are like to get so. (7)
8 They might make the steer sore (by pricking him?) (4,5)
13 Study the flower at the same time. (10)
14 A certain amount of interest is often shown with this head. (9)
16 See 5 down
18 See 10 across
20 Its cape shouldn't be dirty, at any rate. (7)
21 Chewed out, perhaps. (6)
24 A sort of this associated with penates under a Marquis. (5)
25 See 10 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 785

ACROSS: 1 On a large scale; 10 Cabinet; 11 Pintano; 12 Obbligato; 13 Retie; 14 Labile; 16 Stallion; 19 Disinter; 20 Athens; 23 Aspinwall; 25 Measure; 26 Aga Khan; 27 Condescending. DOWN: 2 Nabob; 3 Long Island Sound; 4 Rattan; 5 Exploits; 6 and 22 down Central Standard Time; 7 Leastwise; 8 Schooled; 9 and 22 across Dovetails; 15 Bastinado; 17 Nestling; 18 Legatees; 21 Uptake; 24 Ashen.

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